

It all started with the Doctor being a deadbeat dad.

Donna marched into the TARDIS control room, dragging Jenny behind her by the arm, and found the Doctor sitting at the console sipping a mint julep, quite clearly pleased with himself for having the TARDIS in perfect working order for once. Even the little glass thingey was chugging away like a good engine should.

"Ah, Donna, Jenny, lookit!" He toasted the TARDIS with his mint julep. "Betcha won't find a better working time machine this side of Judgment Day."

"Your daughter," Donna informed him archly, "is dating a Sea Devil."

"His name is Frederick and I love him!"

"You're five weeks old! What do you know about love?"

"More than you do, you beard for a spider-fancying tosser!"

"Why you little....."

"Ladies, ladies, please!" the Doctor cried, holding up his hands. "Can't we all take a moment, settle down, and appreciate how brilliant I am?"

Both women glared at him.

The Doctor once more shook his mint julep at the console. "Eh? Eh?"

Donna threw up her hands, aimed directly at the Doctor as if she could shoot rays of common sense into his alien cranium. "Her boyfriend wants to take over the Earth!"

"Can't say he'd do a worse job running it."

"You cheeky little brat!" Donna got in said brat's face. Her pretty little face, so young and perfect..... shame it was wasted on a friggin' Sea Devil. "I've half a mind to....."

"To do what? Sit on me?"

"Was that a weight joke?"

The Doctor sipped his mint julep miserably.

"We can't all be toothpicks, you know. Some men happen to like having something to work with!"

"And some men prefer young women with 2% body fat, great hair, and

lots of athleticism!" Jenny tapped her chin. "Wait, that's all men."

Donna crossed her arms tighter. "Your hair isn't that great!"
"Daaaaaaddy! She insulted my hair!" Jenny grabbed her pigtails and wrapped them about her face protectively.

"Oh, look at that, something threatening the entire cosmos!" The Doctor ran to the console and hit a number of buttons. "Much too dangerous for the two of you, have to go it alone, Donna, you handle the thing with the Sea Devils and Jenny and whatnot."

"Do I look like her mum?" Donna demanded, watching the Doctor gather his coat.

"If you did, I imagine your hair'd be better."

Donna gasped in disbelief as the Doctor ran for it. Reduced to running through corridors in his own ship. It was true; family changed a man.

Both women watched the man depart and a vault door that they hadn't noticed before swing shut behind him, then lock securely. Donna turned to her new charge to see Jenny had her arms wrapped around her chest just the same as her.

Donna summoned all her parental skill. "Right, he left me in charge, so you can just go to your room and write a..... a ten thousand word essay about how the Sea Devils tried to destroy humanity. And how that's a *bad* thing," she added quickly.

"Racist."

"I almost married a black man!"

"Species-ist, then. Besides, the Doctor didn't leave you in charge, he left the TARDIS in charge."

"It's a bleeding ship!" Donna felt inclined to point out.

"It's smarter than *someone* in this room."

"You're right, it isn't dating a Sea Devil." Smugly, Donna sauntered over to the console. "TARDIS, do you think Jenny should do as I, the Doctor's faithful companion, say..... or should she date an effing sea turtle?"

The TARDIS rumbled.

"Right, TARDIS and I are in agreement, go to your room, start doing MLA documentation."

Jenny blew air through her nose dismissively. With a rude hand gesture, she grabbed a coat of her own and headed for the door. Donna stood in her way.

"Where do ya think you're going?"

"Out."

"Oh-ho no you don't, you've got an essay to write!"

Jenny pulled on her coat with the same kind of motions one would use for stomping a cockroach to death. "If you think I'm taking orders from some short-lived..... Neanderthal.....!"

"Short-lived? I'm hundreds of times older than you!"

Jenny guffawed. "You look it."

If Donna had been exposed to gamma radiation in the recent past, she might've turned green and grown twelve feet at that. Since she didn't, all that happened was her face twisted into a devilish scowl. She grabbed Jenny by the ear, twisted it, and yanked her back to the TARDIS console.

"Ow! Ow! Ow! OWWWWW! Let go of me, you psycho! I'm gonna tell daddy when he gets back and then you'll be sorry! We're going to strand you on....."

Donna sat down, threw Jenny across her lap, and brought a stinging hand down against Jenny's bottom. Jenny didn't make a noise, she just gaped at the indignity of it all.

"You..... bitch....." she drawled slowly.

Donna yanked down Jenny's fatigues. Her ass was slightly red from the blow, where it wasn't covered by nylon panties. Donna spanked her again, watching the quiver of her asscheeks closely.

Jenny scrambled to get away, but Donna put her left elbow into the small of Jenny's back, holding her steady. The girl writhed impotently as Donna spanked her, each cheek in turn, until they were both an even shade of pink below the scant underwear.

"Are you ready to respect me now?" Donna asked, out of breath.

"What's there to respect?"

Donna began spanking harder. At first she went with wild smacking, but that just got her winded and made her arm sore. So she set up a bit of a beat. It actually got to be a little of a game. If she curved her hand the right way, she could get a resounding *thud* that reverberated through the

TARDIS.

Donna stopped, poised for a strong slap. Jenny's ass was still trembling, but there was a dampness spreading through the fabric of her panties, starting from the crotch and radiating down between her rosy-red asscheeks.

It was then Donna wondered if she'd gone too far. She didn't know exactly what the Doctor's limit was, but laying hands on his blood relations seemed a likely breaking point. And Jenny, for all her maturity, was the archetypal case of born yesterday. She probably didn't even know how..... *annoying* she could be. Repentantly, Donna began to soothingly stroke Jenny's ass.

Jenny exhaled, a longer and steadier stream than her previously hitched breaths. Her eyes closed and she relaxed a little. But not too much. Her ass was sore and something was missing. Slowly, she began to gyrate her ass upward, almost in a simulation of humping, exaggerating the effect of a strong slap against her rear.

"More," she moaned, jerking her hips down to slap her damp core against Donna's thigh. "More!"

Quickly, Donna shoved Jenny off. Jenny rolled down to the floor, where she quickly peeled off her panties. Her eyes were moving, with an undulating gaze as steady as the TARDIS's beating column, from Donna's full breasts (she hugged her chest) to the skirt draped cloyingly over her velvety thighs and not-as-conservative-as-they-probably-should've-been panties (she crossed her legs) and down her bare legs (.....*fuck*).

Donna wasn't a lesbian! Except for that one time in college. And finishing school. And that one time when Saxon was PM, but that had literally never happened and she only knew because Martha had told her about it and she had never wondered how exactly they had gone about doing it. Like, was it just a fingers thing or was there full-on licking or did marital aides become involved? But the point was, her ratio of heterosexuality to homosexuality was absurdly high.

"Oh, you're so much better than Freddy!" Jenny gushed (Donna winced at the unintentional pun..... or was it a double entendre?) "You know what he calls foreplay? Nothing. But you, oh..... your magnificent beast, how did you know I'd love that!?"

"Uh....." Donna leaned back in her chair in a vestigial flight-or-fight decision as Jenny advanced on her, nipples boring through her henley shirt. "Lucky guess?"

Jenny dropped down to hug Donna's legs. "Why would I ever want a slimy old Sea Devil when I could have you?"

So that was it then. Satisfy Jenny's new (or maybe it was there in the Doctor's genetic whatsit all along..... *igggg*, bad thought..... Donna would have to tell Martha next time she saw her) fetish or she'd go back to dating a Sea Devil. On the one hand, Donna was quite possibly the least lesbianish woman in Britain, as had been proven by her string of successful, attractive boyfriend. But on the other hand, it wasn't even really sex, and it would make Jenny happy, and it'd put this entire Sea Devil drama to bed once and for all.

"Okay," Donna said, patting Jenny on the head. "There's a good girl."

Jenny leapt up and hugged Donna's chest, nuzzling her face in Donna's breasts. Donna wondered how long the appropriate, non-lesbian length of a boob-hug could run, then decided it had more than run its course and pushed Jenny away. Jenny clamped down, eagerly driving her face into Donna's cleavage.

"Can we sleep together?"

"What!" Donna cried. "What? *What!?*" She paused. *I'd better stop saying that before this gets Oedipal.*

"You have the best pillows! It's like I'm a fair maiden lying my head on a unicorn's flank."

"Oy, whose thruppennies are you calling unicorn bums!"

Just then, the Doctor stampeded (if, say, a slightly frazzled gazelle could be said to stampede) back into the room. If he evinced any surprise at his clone-daughter giving a lap dance to his faithful companion, he kept it very well hidden.

"Donna, Jenny, universe really is in danger, need your help. Jenny, you might need pants."

Jenny bounded to her feet, grabbing Donna's hand. "Daddy, me and Donna are getting married!"

Sometimes, Donna completely understood why the Daleks hated Time Lords so much.